

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. ONE, NO. ONE

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, MAY 11, 1926

TEN CENTS

M. J. Murphy Buys Ocean Avenue Block

CIVIL LIBERTIES HEAD NOW IN CARMEL

Roger Baldwin, head of the Civil Liberties League of America is in Carmel writing a book on the purpose and activities of the organization. He is the guest of Miss Mary E. Bulkley.

At the start of the world war Baldwin had a taste of the laws which his organization claims are unjust. He was imprisoned for his public utterances.

Through his assistance the Masses of New York, radical publication, has lately been rejuvenated.

Baldwin will leave shortly for Los Angeles where he is conducting organization work.

MISS ROBERTA WASSON CARMEL'S NEW LIBRARIAN

Miss Kissam Johnson, who has been librarian of the Carmel Library, has left to take a position with the Monterey Credit company where she will be in charge of the office.

Miss Roberta Wasson succeeds Miss Johnson in the library.

SAYS JEFFERS GREAT POET

"Robinson Jeffers is the great modern poet," according to Benjamin de Casseres, author of "Forty Mortals", just published. De Casseres, with his wife, was in Carmel last week as the guest of the author of "Californians", "Tamar" and "Roan Stallion".

CONTRACTOR ACQUIRES CHANDLER PROPERTY FOR GROUP OF SHOPS

M. J. Murphy, prominent contractor and builder, has completed negotiations for the purchase of the block on Ocean avenue between Mission and Junipero streets from Miss Elizabeth Chandler for a sum in the neighborhood of \$35,000. The property

'TO THE PLAYGROUND' NO GOOD BOTH WAYS

Irving Brant's "To the Playground" is a poor play, and it was poorly played at the Theatre of the Golden Bough. Unconvincing in its mawkish sentimentality there is nothing in it that would seem to recommend it to such a man as Edward Kuster for production in such a theater as he owns. Nothing bears this out better than the fact that its initial production was a distinct failure.

This is not an all-embracing criticism of the individual efforts of the cast. The appearance of Anna Isenberg was a surprise and a rare delight. Either she is a Trinka Sweitzer in real life or she can play any character part that may be offered her in this neck of the woods.

As for Billy Argo he did what he was told to do and a little more. Lacking the mature assumption that would permit him to create his own character, he did his best, but back in his child mind there must have been helpless wonder at the restraint in his weak lines. In this frail outline of a one-act drama there were germs which the Billy Argo we know might have developed. With a quite lovely face and natural wistfulness of expression he was peculiarly fitted for the part. I would suggest that Brant sit down before Billy and re-write his play. There would be inspiration in an occasional glance at the boy.

The others in the cast were not good and I can't believe that they imagine they were.

The motion picture and the music were fine.

W. K. B.

has a frontage of 200 feet on Ocean avenue and a depth of 400 feet. On it Murphy plans the construction of one or two-story buildings to house attractive shops, to be built either by himself or someone to whom he will lease the property for that purpose.

"But whoever builds them they will be attractive shops," said Murphy yesterday. "If I lease the property plans for any improvement must meet with my approval."

The property has been on the market for a number of years and with the opening and improvement of Ocean avenue it has gained a strategic business value.

GREEN AND PURPLE FOR CABBAGES AND KINGS

When Cabbages and Kings re-open on or about May 19 in its recently fire-gutted home in the Glassell building on Ocean avenue, it will be more attractive than ever, according to "Steve" Glassell, less familiarly known as Hobart P.

The sport shop will have more floor space than before the fire of last month, and the weaving department in the rear will be on the same level with the main store at the front. The decorators are doing the interior in a cabbage green and a royal purple, which, incidentally, isn't the color of "shoes and ships and sealing wax."

Mrs. Eileen Brown and her mother, Mrs. Horton, of La Jolla, have come to spend a number of months in Carmel, which they may make their permanent home. Mrs. Brown is assisting Mrs. Alfred Parker Fraser in her weaving shop, the Fraser Looms.

Miss Ruth Moran of Santa Barbara, daughter of the well-known artist, was in Carmel last week with friends.

Contributors to This Issue of The Cymbal

DORA C. HAGEMEYER conducts the Woodside Library in Carmel. She has devoted several years to library work and is well known for her original reviews of current literature. THE CYMBAL will publish Mrs. Hagemeyer's opinions and comments weekly.

TALBERT JOSSELYN is a short story writer and one of Carmel's most successful amateurs on the stage. It is said that he eats an indoor baseball every morning for breakfast. THE CYMBAL has discovered that this gives him a particular aptitude for writing about the diamond activities of his brethren and sistren. It is expected that he will appear often in THE CYMBAL columns.

BLANCHE C. MATTHIAS was art editor of the "Chicago Herald and Examiner," Chicago, during 1922 and 1923. At present she is special correspondent for the Chicago Evening Post weekly magazine, "The Art World." Mrs. Matthias has contributed to the following art and poetry magazines: "This Quarter," "All's Well," "Voices," "Art Review," "Prairie," "Forum" and "The Woman Athletic." Beside being actively interested in art she is a world traveler, who was best described by Chas. Finger in "Lost Civilizations" when he said: "Blanche C. Matthias is an indefatigable explorer of ancient ruins. She has been to the Ceylon temples, Ajanta, to Java, to Baalbek, to Egypt, and always she has seen intelligently . . ." Mrs. Matthias is making her home in Carmel.

ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE, short story writer and novelist, was a newspaperman for many years, his journalistic career taking him to almost every section of North America and the Orient. As a member of the editorial staff of the "San Francisco Chronicle" he wrote the Associated Press story of the San Francisco earthquake and fire, resulting in a telegraphic call to join the staff of the "New York Sun." He and Mrs. Ritchie came to Carmel in 1922 to make their home.

DOROTHEA CASTELHUN is author of a number of girls' books and co-author with Daisy Bostick of "Carmel at Work and Play." Carmel will learn that it is a privilege to read Miss Castelhun from week to week in THE CYMBAL.

ABALONE LEAGUE OPENS, BUT ALAS! SO DOES THE DEL MONTE HOTEL

Pyrotechnically and in point of numerical strength, the grand opening of the Abalone League Sunday would have been a bit grander if it had not been for the opening of the Hotel Del Monte the night before. But even with the absences of some of the regulars in the line-ups the teams got away to a good start midst cheers of the thronging populace.

The Reds, Pirates and Shamrocks annexed the wreaths, the Shamrocks being rather un-ladylike about it. In the final game of the day's program they strangled Van Riper's Tigers with a score of 13 to 2. The Reds won the

game with the White Sox 14 to 12, and the Pirates beat the Bears 6 to 5.

STANDING of the CLUBS

	P	W	L	Pct.
Reds	1	1	0	1.000
Pirates	1	1	0	1.000
Shamrocks	1	1	0	1.000
White Sox	1	0	1	.000
Bears	1	0	1	.000
Pirates	1	0	1	.000

THE ABALONES? HOW COME? LET TAL JOSSELYN TELL THE STORY

By TALBERT JOSSELYN

In January of 1921, the so-called active younger crowd of Carmel became violently interested in the Commedia—the impromptu play—held weekly at the Burton house. And thereby did the beginnings of the Abalone baseball league come into being. For in this group there were several who couldn't be dragged on stage even by means of steam winch and cable, and to whom the thought of acting gave a panic sensation about the knees. Chief of the panic crew was the late Thorne Taylor, captain in aviation overseas, ace, wearer of the Croix de Guerre—and one who couldn't be enticed into the Burton house to play even the part of a butler.

Rallying a number of others, including Bob Pinkerton, the stage-fearing Thorne set about to discover some means of amusement other than theatrical, and found it in the playground form of baseball. He announced his discovery to a doubting world; a world that came by ones and twos down on to the Point—a houseless Point in that long-ago era—and the ones and twos hefted a bat built like a broomstick and tossed a ball that resembled a large and soft grapefruit; did these things, and sniffed, and remained to play; remained to play and to grow wondrously enthusiastic, even to the breaking of legs.

VAN RIPER ENTERS

Came Charles King Van Riper, from his new house above the field—a flat field it was then, without bumps, and lacking all resemblance to a church roof; something to boast about to our descendants. Came Jimmy Hopper from the woods, and the Josselyn boys, and Lee Gottfried and Ernie Schweninger, and Jim and Phil Wilson and Phil senior, the youngest of them all; came enough to make up two complete nines if one included the women. The women play ball? Loud rose shouts and cries pro and con—and the women played.

There are some who still speak with awe of that Spring when the women were taught the fundamentals of baseball. Taught them they were,

and they acted upon them as they saw fit, and the teachers, from the sidelines, rolled in the grass and called upon their Maker to spare them from any more such sights. But the race has a way of struggling upward, and before Summer the new students had learned which end of a bat to hold and had ceased darting for third upon making a hit.

COUGHING THEIR WAY

Each afternoon there was a game, one old cat, two old cat, regular ball as the players drifted in and augmented their numbers. The neighborhood children were drafted to fill vacancies. Elizabeth and Bain Ream—

(Turn to Page Eleven)

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The Bloomin' Basement Helen Wilson, garden designer

POOLS FOUNTAINS ROCK WALLING
DESIGNED AND INSTALLED

CUT FLOWERS PLANTS BIRD BATHS

CARMEL

CALIFORNIA

PIERRE MATISSE, SON OF FAMOUS ARTIST, PLEASED WITH PRIMITIVE LIFE OF CARMEL

By BLANCHE C. MATTHIAS

Carmel did not officially know that Pierre Matisse was here, but the San Francisco Chronicle knew about it, and quoted him as saying that he believed an ideal life might be had if one could

spend half the year in Carmel with the primitives, and the other half in Paris with the sophisticated-primitives. Had official Carmel known all this, and in a spirit of friendly hospitality asked the young Frenchman what he meant by an "ideal life," and "a primitive," had such a gentle conversation been established, the next step would have been to ask, naturally enough, about the work of his famous father. Even in Carmel there must be burning resentments against the "distortions" and "obscenities" of the still labeled Modernistic Movement in Paris. And even in Carmel there may be a few who would really like to know what it is all about. Having been the one to answer all the slips dropped into the question boxes between here and New York, and being minded to enjoy the sea where the sand slurs an insolent back-wash, and also liking an occasional contemplative hour, such as can be engendered from watching the limited freedom of gull-dom, Pierre Matisse came quietly to Carmel, and left Carmel, and no one asked him to explain a thing. That does sound like an ideal life for any kind of a primitive.

In San Francisco at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor is an exhibition of modern French art which was assembled and brought to this country by the younger Matisse. It is a fine collection, though a small one, and contains paintings by Marquet, Denis, Roussell, Bonnard, Derain and Edouard Vuillard. There is one painting by Henri Matisse, "The Window at Etretat," besides a number of woodcuts and lithographs. Thirteen superb drawings, also by Matisse, intensify the importance of the group as a unit. It is an exciting adventure to verge toward real study of, and intimacy with, these drawings. Such bones as they have, such structural certainty; and then their absolute simplicity, with the pulse, and rhythm of life beating through technique until it manifests itself as a quality or texture. The integrity of the mind, and the art, back of it all! What an achievement—By the way, there is a most beautiful book containing fifty reproductions of the drawings and lithographs of Matisse, available now, which will make the study of his work more possible than when it was necessary to go to Paris or New York to have touch with some of the modern contemporary work.

To come into actual touch with content, is one of the rewards experienced in studying the work of Matisse. One glimpses sensations and emotions, so individual and honest, yet of such abstract subtlety, that the effort to fully comprehend is stimulatingly limitless. Unafraid to be decorative, he uses all the mechanics of composition and technique without ever losing the true quality of his own sincerity, which he boldly maintains. "Three words explain the ele-

ments," to quote Mrs. Cornelia Quinton, which he embodies in his work. They are simplification, organization and expression.

Returning to Pierre Matisse and his recent visit to Carmel. We were three of his best friends, and we were listening, as we always listened, with interest and respect to his clearly expressed ideas about life in America. As he talked his face took on the strong quality of the man who observes ruthlessly, his voice deepened, and a tinge of sadness such as is always present in profound or elemental expressiveness, settled upon him. He was sensing America, finding in her crude vigor and sky-rocketing accents, the almost unsuspected elements of world romance. "Such inspiration as I get from your men of business," he said. "They are working as artists work, with clean, clear mediums and unclouded outlines. I have gained much from encounters with them. To the fine and decided men of America I am grateful." Architecture was his next interest. The mass of our great buildings he felt to be a product of American need, hence having sprung from necessity, it was almost certain to be good art. "If only the architects will keep away from the desire to decorate these beautiful, flowing masses." If only they will.

Negro music was his third enthu-

siasm in America. The emotional jazz sprees and the wailing blues have their origin in the negro folk music. The translation of these plaintive melodies by American Jews, American Irish, American Americans, have produced a novel and actual contribution in the world of sound and rhythm as he understands their meaning.

Someone said something about creative criticism. At once Matisse flung away his cigarette, and in place of

the vision seeing artist he became completely the man of the world who speaks with authority upon his own subject.

"You will pardon me, Madame, if I say I think you are quite wrong. There is no such thing as creative criticism. Criticism cannot be creative. If a writing is a creative work, it is not a critical work. It no longer limits itself to its proper function, and so it cannot be called criticism."

(Turn to Page Eleven)

HATTON FIELDS offers

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—or something

Put not your teeth in quinces.

A clam it is a funny bird,

My word!

The queerest bird that e'er occurred—

Absurd!

It's like real gin in any fizz;

Seldom where you think it is—

And you never ever find it in a chowder.

Louder!

YOU NEVER EVER FIND IT IN A
CHOWDER!

Cymbaline says that Frank Crane's editorials are really as bad as you think they are before you have read them.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR SHERIFF OUT WHERE MEN ARE MEN

Earl McHarry is a member of the Elks and is the proud father of one son, Charles, a student in the local high school. McHarry stands 5 feet 11½ inches in his stocking feet and weighs 200 pounds, with the heart of a fawn and the courage of a lion.—Political adv.

CYMBALISMS

A conscience is an immediate annoyance whereas ideals are charming procrastinations.—Eric Dorn.

Did you hear that good one about William Jennings Bryan sending word to Dr. Cadman, the Brooklyn liberal preacher, that he would accept an invitation to talk from his pulpit if Dr. Cadman would publicly state that he believed he was descended from a monkey? No? Well, Dr. Cadman replied: "Why, certainly. I'll do more than that: I'll publicly state that I believe I'm descended from two monkeys."

*I sometimes think that never blows so red
The nose as when we have a cold in head.*

BERKELEY, May 7.—Miss Sarah Purdy, pretty young University of California co-ed, swore she'd "eat her hat" if she lost a bet, and tried to make good. On two mouthfuls of felt she became a subject for the college infirmary.

—and 'hat's 'hat.

Responsibility for our forswearing a dramatic career and entering the newspaper business rests with the young lady who casually remarked of our recent histrionic efforts that we were "rather good" and "efficient enough" for our part.

THIS'LL TICKLE TICKLE

A party of our used-to-be friends recently looked over Highlands Inn as a prospective residence for a brief stay on this Circle of—(No, may the gods deliver us from that), and decided they didn't like it. They selected, instead, the Hotel del Mar, across the street from Holman's, in Pacific Grove.

—W. K. B.

EDITORIAL

The Cymbal clangs— and says:

This is, in a manner, a shot in the dark. But, like Mr. Longfellow's w. k. arrow, there is behind it the high fervor of a hope that it will land.

There is an interesting and not unwholly fortuitous phase in starting a newspaper. Your publication at the beginning is not inclined to run away with you, drag you wildly off your feet on its dash along the road of joyful endeavor. It has, rather, a depressing faculty for lagging behind, so heartrendingly out of pace with your dreams, so unresponsive to your assurances of apricot sunsets just around the next bend. It falters and staggers so often and so persistently that finally you accede to its prostrate demands and sit down in the ditch by its side. At this point you are usually weary of the effort and let it die without even the customary display of human sympathy. It passes out as easily as it came into view. After all, birth and death are the commonest things in our lives, albeit apparently the most tragic. We do not know, in this initial issue of THE CYMBAL, whether we are precipitating it toward a wake or a wedding.

But, as we have said, we have hopes. They are hopes builded on what we arrogantly imagine is our ability to give you what you want, and on the belief that you want it. In the last analysis it will just about completely depend on you whether this modest little bud is to reach the heyday of full bloom or die a 'bornin'. There is only one way to test the assumption that there is a demand for THE CYMBAL: cast it forth into the street and peek tremulously, apprehensively, through the blinds to see how you treat the child.

It is done.

Out of the foregoing metaphorical pot-pourri it is to be divined that THE CYMBAL at the start does not assume the dignity of being purposeful, but it has aspirations. It does mean to amount to something. Materially and physically it intends to be a weekly newspaper that will be easy on the eye and pleasing to the senses; spiritually it will strive for more than that. Not alone what the people of interest to Carmel do, but what they think and what they have to say about what they think, will appear in its columns from week to week. In a word, that which contributes to the joy of life in the daily endeavors of men and women will be accorded first place in THE CYMBAL's conception of what is news.

If THE CYMBAL must have a keynote, let it be sincerity. Some one once enthusiastically informed an editor: "You're wrong nine times out of ten, but the tenth time you're so darned right that I'm for you forever." And while THE CYMBAL may be wrong nine times out of ten we'll win you on the tenth time, not alone because there we are right, but because we will have

established our sincerity in the errors that have gone before.

THE CYMBAL intends to stand for something. It will determinedly lie down in the road and insist on dying rather than buy your assistance in its progress through a policy of indefiniteness and vacillation. The man who "speaks out in meetin'" sometimes annoys the chairman and irritates his less daring brethren in the row behind, but before final adjournment he alone manages to get any sensible resolutions adopted.

THE CYMBAL will say what it thinks and say it hard, and no whimperings of the sensitive or threats of the angered will still its voice or shape its principles while it has the privileges of the floor.

If it does not do this, it is not worth while, and there is no place for it in this community. If it is to be useful it must fill a void; a bump on a log is a superfluity.

And a brief word to those who conduct our theaters. Drama, be it the interpretation of professionals who "troupe" within our gates or the arduous and breathless efforts of our amateurs who so strongly remind us that that word finds its root in "amo," drama is vitally a part of the life interest of Carmel. If it is to maintain its standard of high endeavor to interpret life it deserves the courtesy and dignity of sincere and honest criticism, born of no personal friendship or antipathy, but founded only on sincerity and understanding. THE CYMBAL intends to give it this, determines to give it this. Through a trail that will perhaps be littered with shallow delights and absurd peevishness it will approach the goal where it will be accorded the homage that we hope will be its due; homage to a publication which is making an honest and persistent effort to enhance the value of aspirations and of art.

With a bow to Hollywood, a bow that we will admit is a bit sullen, it should be added that THE CYMBAL considers it a part of its policy to tell the truth about motion pictures as it tells it about anything else. The columns of this newspaper may not be used to fill the seats of any theater in Carmel or on the Peninsula as a courtesy to the box offices or in payment for advertising contracts. We feel just this way about it—if we are to expect the subscribers to this paper to pay for the paper, we consider that they are paying for honesty and truth as nearly as we can approach it. This applies to news and opinion on motion pictures as well as to information about a new structure of Ocean avenue or

(Turn to Editorial page)

SPRING EXUBERANCE

This spring, in spite of twenty cops,
I'll leap-frog over hydrant tops;
Then, if I choose, most unperturbably
I'll sit upon the curb,
And let one or perhaps both feet
Extend far out into the street;
And when the frenzied chauffeurs swear,
I'll simply raise my brows and stare.

—The New Yorker.

DR. SPOEHR'S TRIP SCIENTIFIC EVENT

Dr. Herman A. Spoehr, assistant director of the Coastal Laboratory at Carmel, a branch of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, arrived in London this week to begin a six-months' survey of the scientific work being done in agriculture and forestry by the institutions of England and the continent. He is accompanied by Mrs. Spoehr and their two children, Hortense and Alexander.

Dr. Spoehr was elected with Dr. Irving W. Bailey of Harvard as a committee of two by the National Academy of Science on the request of the Rockefeller Foundation which has turned its attention and its millions to a furtherance of scientific study of the problems of agriculture and forestry. His appointment is a rare distinction conferred on a man who is recognized as one of the great scientists of the country. On his appointment he was granted a leave of absence for the remainder of the year from his duties with the Carnegie Institution.

Dr. Spoehr will spend part of the summer in England, having his headquarters in London, from which place he will visit the leading institutions and scientific men in that country. From there he plans to go to the Scandinavian countries and Holland, through France, Southern Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Russia and Finland, returning through Northern Germany to England. He will meet Dr. Bailey, who is in the meantime making a survey of American institutions, in the fall either at Zurich or Munich, when the latter will continue the study of European conditions.

Dr. Spoehr will probably return to the United States about the middle of next December and visit a number of American institutions on his way out West, where, after making his report on the forestry project to the National Academy, he will resume his work on photosynthesis. In Dr. Spoehr's absence Dr. James H. C. Smith of the chemistry department of Pomona College, will be at the Coastal Laboratory. Dr. Smith has previously spent some time here and has collaborated with Dr. Spoehr in his research work and in the publication of articles dealing with phases of photosynthesis which have been published in leading scientific journals.



"DOUG" PICTURE IN COLORS

"The Black Pirate," Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture, is filmed in full color all the way through. With deep blue seas and skies full of racing clouds, with all the riot of gorgeous scarlets and yellows and greens—for "clothes make the pirate" as Holman Day says—this picture easily surpasses in beauty of effect and skillful photography anything which has ever been done in colors on the screen.

"THE HOBBY HOUSE" NEW DOLORES SHOP

An interesting new shop is taking form on Dolores street. Hugh Comstock is building "The Hobby House" for Bonnie Lee, who will use it for displaying her collection of antique furniture, Spanish and Italian pottery, brass and copper ware, and rare shawls, Paisley, Spanish and other kinds. The Hobby House consists of one spacious room with an unusually attractive fireplace. It will open onto a patio through French doors. The interior finish is to be stained redwood, and all the woodwork is treated in the special Hugh Comstock wavy outline fashion, which gives a certain poetic charm and romance to the appearance of the shop.

Bonnie Lee came to Carmel from Laguna Beach, where she had a studio combined with an art gallery for exhibiting the paintings of various California artists.

Work on The Hobby House will be completed June 1.

STUDENTS INTERESTED IN STANFORD DRAMATIC WORK

In "Theatre Magazine" for May, there is an interesting article about the work being done by Gordon Davis, director of dramatics at Stanford University. This article, which is one of a series under the general head of "Dramatic Training in our Colleges," is entitled "A Quarter Century of Drama at Stanford University" and is illustrated with reproductions of a number of stage settings created by the Theatre Workshop class, as well as by a very good picture of Gordon Davis himself. The study of the drama occupies a dominant

DRAMATIC NOTE

Plays that are so allegorical
That they can't be explained by an oracle,

Plays by slipshod thinkers
Who walk the world in blinkers,
Plays by abstruse fanatics
With bat-infested attics,
Plays that are called "symbolic"
Give me a mental colic.
Now that we've stood three or four
of them,
Don't let's have any more of them!
—Arthur Guiterman in
The New Yorker.

ant position at Stanford, and a large number of students enroll in the classes offering instruction in acting, voice training, diction, history of the drama and play-writing.



Those Hose?

THE GAME COCK HAS THEM!

THIS IS HOSIERY WEEK

FANCY LISLES

GOLF HOSE
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

CHIFFON

SILK

WOOL

SEVEN ARTS BUILDING

CARMEL

Theatre of the Golden Bough

Plays, recitals, lectures, concerts
or motion pictures every week-end
throughout the summer

SHOPPING with CYMBALINE

When Cymbaline arrived in Carmel a few weeks ago she declared that she never wanted to see the inside of a store or a shop again, and as for anything that calls itself a "shoppe" she would walk blocks out of her way merely to avoid seeing the outside of one! Cymbaline, you see, has been working in the heart of the New York shopping district, about half way between Herald Square and Forty-second Street, I believe. Her vivid accounts of struggling to do Christmas shopping in crowded noon hour crushes are heartrending. "I don't know how I survive each year," she remarked plaintively. "but somehow I do, although I'm a limp wreck on the night of the twenty-fourth of December and for weeks afterwards, the very sight of a department store makes me feel ill. This year, before I had even begun to recover from the Christmas agony, I had to start in again shopping for two wedding presents, three birthday gifts and something to send a friend sailing for Europe. As if that weren't enough grief for any one season, along comes Cousin Etta from up State and insists on my helping her buy the furnishings for her new house. No, I'm not going to tell you anything about it, the details are too painful. I'll only say this—the house has nine rooms and Cousin Etta never bought one thing in the first store we went to! She's strong as an ox and she loves to shop around." Cymbaline shuddered with reminiscent horror and went on, "Well, you can't even imagine what I suffered! I tell you, I've got a bad case of shopping indigestion."

And so I didn't take Cymbaline into any of the Carmel shops. I took her around the Seventeen-Mile Drive and down to the Mission and out on Point Lobos, pointing out conscientiously their various bits of particular beauty. Cymbaline is a very satisfactory visitor to take sightseeing. She doesn't, when you point out your choicest morsel of scenery, look at it casually and murmur, "Oh, yes, very nice," immediately adding in a lively tone, "but you should see the marvelous cliffs on the coast of France!" That, I remember with painful distinctness, was Cousin Etta's little way. Cymbaline, if she likes anything, is just as enthusiastic as The Most Loyal Native of Anywhere could wish. She has a heartwarming way of expressing her admiration that makes you feel, for the moment at least, that she's more interested in the particular object or place you're showing her than anything else in the world. This doesn't mean that she's a feminine "yes man," however. You can bank on her approval being genuine—for the simple reason that if Cymbaline doesn't like a thing, she says so with equal gusto and enthusiasm, regardless of who's who and why. This frankness of Cymbaline, I maintain, is a delightful quality. It saves you so much time and energy—for if she isn't interested in being taken to gaze upon the architectural charms of a new bank or business building, she tells you so—and that's that! Moreover, Cymbaline really likes to do her own exploring, and so, having plenty of other matters on my mind and occupying my time, I have let Cymbaline go off by herself a good deal. So far as I can tell she seems to have devoted her explorations

chiefly to the country outside of Carmel, for in her reports each time when she returned to my fireside, there was not once a mention of Ocean Avenue, or Dolores and Lincoln Streets.

But yesterday Cymbaline came in beaming. "I have been—" she paused impressively like the well-coached actor in one of our Carmel plays when he has a good line to deliver, "I have been shopping."

"Oh?" I responded feebly. I knew this was inadequate repartee, but I hadn't learned any lines for this particular cue. I couldn't quite gather what the joy was all about and I never was any good when it comes to "ad libbing." (I'm not one of the dramatic stars, but you can't help catching some of the professional lingo when you live in Carmel).

"I've been shopping," repeated Cymbaline, and before I could say brightly, "Yes, I heard you the first time," she went on, "I've been shopping for the first time in my life under ideal conditions. Just imagine, being able to get into and out of shops, perfectly adorable shops full of things just as gorgeous and odd and unusual and . . . and *déirable* as any you could find in New York without bumping into any one or pushing your way through a crowd—"

"But how about the dogs?" I interjected doubtfully, "somehow I always have to push my way through at least three at the door of any shop I'm going into—"

But Cymbaline waved aside this irrelevant remark and went on, filled with the glow of her discovery. Shopping, I decided hastily but silently, is really one of the passions of Cymbaline's life, and one must be careful to choose the right moment for flippancy when it's a question of a person's favorite occupation.

"Why, shopping in Carmel is something to live for! I've always loved to shop, but I've never actually enjoyed it," went on Cymbaline, paradoxically, "now at last I'm going to."

Secretly I was tickled to death to hear her praise the Carmel shops because I do think they're one of the most attractive features of the town, and certainly shopping in them is about as comfortable and easy as it could possibly be. But after Cymbaline had said she wouldn't go near a shop, I had determinedly kept my resolution not to drag her into our little shopping district. Now that she has found it herself I haven't the slightest doubt that she'll spend a lot of time there and that she will be telling me things about it that I never knew myself.

"Then you've recovered from your shopping indigestion?" I inquired politely, "you must be careful not to have a relapse."

"I'm so thoroughly cured," retorted Cymbaline promptly and emphatically, "that if Cousin Etta should write and request me, in her inimitable way, to buy complete outfits for herself and three daughters, and Christmas presents for her entire list—I believe she gives to something like seventy-five people—I'd accept the commission and start down Ocean Avenue without a murmur." Then she added, as if a sudden less pleasant thought had struck her, "But kind fate keep me from seeing a 'shoppe'—that might give me a relapse."

Oscar Wilde said that the only difference between a caprice and a lifelong passion is that the caprice lasts the longest.

Literature is the treasured best of what men have felt and thought.—Dr. Sherman.

George Bernard Shaw says: "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach."

The Manchester Guardian says: "Facts are sacred, but comment free."

"I think this Florida boom is about over."

"Sure it is. I'm a Californian, too."

—Life

Goethe's formula for a book review: "What did the author try to do? Has he done it? Was it worth doing?"

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JUST AS IT OCCURS

to O. S.

(The Cymbal's Eastern looker-on)

"The Merry Widow," with Mae Murray and John Gilbert, directed by Von Stroheim, is about the grandest picture I've ever seen. It's a regular fairy story as far as improbability goes, but you just eat it alive and cry for more. Von Stroheim certainly has done a masterful piece of work. Particularly at the beginning, where he skates so perilously near the thin edge of decency all the time, but never quite goes in far enough to offend the censors! (I did feel, though, as if bits had been cut here and there). I've never seen a more deliciously lustful picture! Lots of 'em go in strong for passion, which is registered by Bill Hart panting or a Carmel Myers sprawling on a panther skin, but this seemed to be real stuff. You'll want to leave your happy home and go find John Gilbert in Hollywood. Mae Murray, too, was quite beautiful enough to keep your sympathy all the time. Usually I don't like her, but this is the best thing she's ever done

We went to see Cyril Maude in "These Charming People." The play is (like London!) nothing at all, but its trivial sprightliness was divine. There were several good lines, the only one I can remember being "—the seventh commandment, the one Moses wrote for the movies." And someone was spoken of as having "anaemic emotions," which I thought an apt term.

Have you read "The Perennial Bachelor"? It's an awfully feminine sort of novel, the type that a man couldn't possibly have written, and you get sick to death of the descriptions of 1870 and 80 and 90 styles in clothes, interior decoration, etc., but there are other bits that certainly get you. The very deft way in which she shows the gradual breaking-up of the mind of the sex-starved sister seemed to me masterly. It's worth a reading, all right.

"Lulu Belle" is about as sexy a thing as you can imagine, cheap stuff elaborately put on. Lenore Ulric plays a little high-yaller vamp; she's on the stage almost every minute and she vamps, in one way or another, from beginning to end. It's not acting, it's personality—very clever stuff for all that, of course. Henry Hull plays the lead, a young negro whom she lives with for a while and casts off, and who finally strangles her in the last act (as a sop for the moralists!) About half the cast are real negroes, and the get-up of the thing is very good. One scene in a Harlem colored cabaret is really magnificent. I was amazed at some of the amorosness getting by the Philadelphia censors. Apparently anything goes as long as it isn't serious drama, sincerely portrayed.

One of the reasons, I think, that I feel so groggy today is the effect of "The Big Parade," to which we went last evening. My God, what a picture! You don't want to miss it, but you don't want to go unless you're feeling very fit. In my then weak and pale blue condition, it was just too much. I think undoubtedly Stallings aims deliberately to make war just as realistically beastly and brutal as it really was, so that we won't for-

get enough to let another war be slipped in on us soon. This picture should be preserved and shown every day to the Cabinet at any future time when a war is even probable! If they could live through merely looking at it more than once, they'd never dare declare war. The acting, of course, is very fine, and the staging magnificent. I've never seen another movie in which the fighting (if you can call such slaughter fighting) seemed so much like real fighting. The faces of the men had that dazed, soulless look. There was something horribly dramatic about the lack of drama in those scenes.

"Charlot's Revue" was our play for the evening and it certainly was a lucky choice. Beatrice Lillie is without doubt the most delicious female clown I've ever seen—there's something so subtle and delicate about her

antics, too; she absolutely "gets" you from the first minute she begins. There's one number that is quite perfect—Beatrice Lillie, accompanied by the whole chorus, doing a parody on the "Britannia rules the waves" stuff. No American would ever dare to make such gorgeous fun of his patriotism!

I suppose you've heard the story about the lady who was asked if she'd rather go to see "The Green Hat" or "These Charming People," and who answered, "Oh, I don't care; it'll be sex of one and half a dozen of the other."

Have I told you about seeing "The Circle" movie-ized? Words fail when it comes to telling how absolutely terrible they make that gorgeous play. It was so awful that you couldn't even find it humorous. Remember the lovely, caustic ending Maugham wrote? Well, in the movie the heroine prepares to sneak off with the young Australian without, of course, saying a word to her husband. Somebody puts husband wise, however, and he masquerades as the chauffeur who drives them to the station. On a lonely bit of road he stalls the car and when the suitor

gets out to see what is the trouble the husband beats him up. The wife is amazed but thrilled, and begins to look upon her husband with new and fascinated eyes. Husband abandons suitor on road, orders his wife back into the car and drives her home. But that ain't all! I can't begin to tell you the horrible details that follow. Not only do you see the husband clad in pajamas and grand dressing gown triumphantly entering his wife's bedroom that night, but you see every other member of the household (Lord Porteous, Lady Kitty, etc., and even the butler) pausing before the bedroom door to congratulate and ogle him. It couldn't have been any greasier if Cosmo Hamilton had written it.

I'm just finishing John Erskine's "Helen of Troy" and feeling a little sour about it. It may be because of my inherent aversion to women who deal in charm, but I am finding it very tiresome the way Erskine brings Helen out top dog in every encounter by adroit conversational calisthenics. The book IS clever, no doubt in the world about that. It's going to make a topping play.

Otar the Lampmaker

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BOB RITCHIE TELLS HOW REPORTER HAD TO "MURDER" OWN BRAIN CHILD

By ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

With the birth of THE CARMEL CYMBAL, it is, perhaps, appropriate that a one-time newspaper hack should warn the citizenry against the scurvy tricks and rag-tag subterfuges sometimes utilized by the profession to give its readers that thrill which they incontinently demand in exchange for their Buffalo Nickel. Forewarned, therefore . . .

In the time, not many years back, when revolutions in Mexico were a novelty and the picturesque features of fighting across the Rio Grande made good copy, some of the bright young Gringo correspondents in Mexico City and with the various "armies" in the field tried hard to paint the lily. The handicaps imposed upon them were numerous; not the least considerable of them was the ever-present possibility of being shot. Wherefore, now and again the news writer in Cactus Land got himself let in for a neat mess of trouble.

Take the case of "La Neri, the Mexican Joan of Arc."

La Neri was discovered by a correspondent of a New York newspaper which likes its thrills all decked out like the French chop with paper pantalettes. From the comparatively safe environs of Mexico City, John Whosis of the New York Clarion reached out into the empyrean and snatched La Neri into the maw of his

typewriter. He put her on the back of a milk-white mule with heavy bandoliers of cartridges crossed on her breast and her trusty Mauser in the rifle stocking at her saddle bow. La Neri, at the head of her embattled peasants, was a figure to ride right into the imagination of the New York subway worm and stick there.

Which she did!

Back from New York came a man-aging editor's cable: "La Neri picturesque figure. Get to her in Guerrero for colorful interview."

The State of Guerrero, it must be explained, was one of several places in Mexico, just at that time, where a correspondent of the gringo persuasion might very well go but

whence he would not return all in one piece. So John Whosis went there by the magic carpet route and, after a decent interval designed to account for the asperities of the journey to Guerrero and back, he sent back to New York his interview with La Neri.

That interview was a work of art. In it the simple Indian maiden said so much and yet so little!

It rang a bell in New York, that interview; for the editor of the Clarion's Sunday supplement—syndicated everywhere except in the Scandinavian—straightway cabled: "La Neri stuff corking. Send us vivid personality sketch with picture."

The sponsor for this "Tiger Girl"—for that she became in the New York head writer's perfervid fancy—began to wear a drawn look about the eyes. The rest of us, who had not seen a New York newspaper in a month, could not guess his secret sorrow.

Well, he got off the supplement story, together with a picture of La Neri in a ball gown—some say she bore a striking resemblance to a Mexican dancer who had been popular in the City a few years back.

Then, before the New York office could think up any more La Neri stunts, this base fellow murdered her. He killed her amid the well known "hail of bullets"—she and her milk-white mule together.

Oh, she died hard, did La Neri! But completely—aye, without a chance of resurrection.

SHE WAS FIRST "MISS AMERICA"

Fifty years ago, when pretty Anna Willess Williams consented to pose for Engraver George Morgan, who needed a beautiful profile for his bas-relief of the Goddess of Liberty on the silver dollars issued by the U. S. Mint in 1878, seaside resort beauty contests were quite undreamed of. The model, instead of blazing forth in a burst of publicity and going on the stage, begged the artist not to publish the fact that she had been so immodest. Yet Anna Williams, who died last month in Philadelphia, could rightly, we think, claim the honor of having been chosen the first official "Miss America"!

o

"KONGO" OVER EVERYTHING

And also there is "Kongo." Lots and lots of "Kongo." They kongo all over the Biltmore Theatre to deliver up seven plots, fourteen counterplots and twenty-one subcounterplots on the subject of atrocities in the black heart of Africa. One of its authors is said to have come back only a little while ago from the stamping ground, and the local color is still thick on him. Three acts, six scenes, of local color, voodoo and hoodoo. And yet, for all that and all that, a dull evening, preposterously lagging, evidently effectually bitten by the tsetse fly.

—G. W. G. in *The New Yorker*.

ARTS and CRAFTS THEATER announces the first production of a new play by LOUISE WALCOTT and GILBERT HAMILTON

THE MUTANT

produced and directed by Louise Walcott and George M. Ball, May 21 and 22 and May 28 and 29.

A PAGE OF BOOK REVIEWS

DORA HAGEMEYER TELLS HOW 'GAWPY' CAME TO BE

Dorothea Castelhun Gives Her Opinion of Sarah Gertrude Millin's New Book of South Africa, "Mary Glenn"

It is only when we have left childhood behind that we begin to appreciate the delightful naivete of childish things. So, in reality, the tables are turned, and the child is an adult in miniature, with a serious outlook on life and a great scorn of that which he considers beneath his dignity. The adult is the child in actuality, with a secret longing for the joys of childhood—at least that is the way it seems to be in Carmel, especially since the publication of the now famous Gawpy book.

Gawpy took the village by storm. Owing to the inflexible character of his beak, he cannot smile—"not a thing looks funny to him"—but he can make others smile. So Carmel goes home to studio and workroom with its nose buried in the Gawpy book and nothing visible but a grin, and nothing audible but laughter.

It is really no wonder, considering the authors. When they first came to call, socially, we had read up on music and art so that we could talk intelligently, and we had on hand a goodly supply of literature to help out if conversation grew scarce. But no sooner had they entered the room than Beany spied a toy engine under a chair and they were happy and busy for the rest of the evening. Sprawled gracefully in opposite corners of the room they played trains for hours. They would have kept it up till morning probably, if Bob hadn't suddenly discovered that the station-master opposite was asleep on the job.

They say that the artist is working hardest when he is apparently doing nothing. We believe it now.

The book is full of surprises. On the title page we are struck by the strange similarity of Gawpy to the two folded-up Hestwoods at work on him. Sitting for his portrait and his biography at the same time makes him somewhat self-conscious, to say the least. As we follow his adventures through page after page of delicious fooling, we feel that he has come to stay. We want to hear what happened after he left Pelican Isle. We are also intrigued by Uncle Pruppy, the old sea-wolf who corrupts the morals of his eager young nephew with his wild reminiscences.

Beany hasn't wasted any words. His grammar is not always irreproachable. His rhymes obey no rules whatsoever, but you can't get away from the teasing things. You go around murmuring:

"That was his wish
He thought
To sup on fish
He caught."

Apart from the humor of the thing, we congratulate Bob on the beauty

of his work and Beany on the charm and freshness of his clipped rhymes. Little knows Gawpy, as he flaps his weary way along our coast, how distinguished has been his entrance into the world of art and literature!

DORA HAGEMEYER.

When I'm looking for a book to read I'm very much inclined to shy away from one that looks short. I like a book with a lot of meat in it. I like to be sure that if I've planned a cosy evening reading I'm not going to find myself stranded and hungry for more before the curfew rings. And I know perfectly well that if I like the book I won't want it to end too soon. If I don't like it, well, there's no law compelling me to finish it. It's a species of mental greediness, I suppose. At any rate, if you feel the same way, you might miss "Mary Glenn," as I almost did, because at a glance it looks rather light.

Sarah Gertrude Millin tells the story of Mary Glenn, however, in so short a book that you are amazed when you have finished reading to find how much there is in it. Yet her style isn't patterned on the jerky, one-or-two-words-to-a-sentence literature which has recently become so apparently popular. (It's not popular with this particular reader, though that's neither here nor there). Miss Millin's story is told in the simplest and easiest of language, marvelously terse and wholly adequate, whether she is giving you a picture of the complexities of an intense character such as Mary Glenn, or describing the action of the swiftly dramatic events which take place. All the way through it moves vividly and surely.

What is it about? Well, it's the story of a girl in a little town in South Africa, a girl who, from her childhood up, had one absorbing ambition—to be taken into the social circles of the upper ten. That's the material from which the author has written a tragedy as real and as devastating as any brought about by the passions generally regarded as more lofty. (I don't dare tell you any more of the plot because the Editor objects to book reviews that "try to tell the story." Incidentally, I think he's right—after all, it's on the same order as somebody telling you the plot of a movie they saw and you didn't! Nothing could be worse than that—even if a movie ever had a plot that was interesting *per se*).

There doesn't seem to be a superfluous word, yet the characters could scarcely seem more real if their delineation had covered three times the space. You see Mary Glenn right from childhood on, never able to for-

get for a moment the struggle for recognition. She "was, except in two vital respects, a little aristocrat: she had not been born an aristocrat—and she knew it."

"It was not a question of lineage; people might, without any hereditary justification, feel themselves to be as good as the best, might have such calm confidence in their own personalities that they positively could not recognize superiority. But Mary had never had that inward assurance. She could not feel herself to be what she tried to seem."

"As a child she could not, for instance, be friendly with the magistrate's little girl without thinking elatedly that she was being friendly with the magistrate's little girl. Although, with one part of her, she despised Louise Delaporte because she was slow and stupid, with another part of her she could never, for a moment, forget that Louise's father was the magistrate, and her own father the market master."

In a few sentences, and with only one or two of his own actual remarks, Mary's charming, well-born English husband stands out in all his pleasant futility, reminding his wife continually of the mistake she made in placing her hopes of social triumph in marriage with him. When she raged, goaded to words by her bitter exasperation, at his doing "frittering things" about the house while the man whose wife she might have been handled large and responsible business, Elliott Glenn would say, equably, "But I don't happen to have a business head." A soft answer, but not one to turn away the wrath of a woman like Mary, under the circumstances, as you can imagine.

The description of Emma Brand's character is one of the best things in the book. Miss Millin, thank goodness, doesn't use the overworked phrase "inferiority complex" which springs up nowadays on every other page, but the account of how Emma went shopping and after an agony of indecision, invariably bought the wrong dress, is delightfully revealing

and complete. Yet you see her also with plenty of courage to help her husband realize his ambitions, and with enough human bigness and generosity to urge him to come to the rescue of the woman who had been his first love—and that a woman undeniably more attractive than herself.

Emma understood the tragedy of Mary Glenn's life, perhaps better than any one else involved, and she was frank with herself and her friend in her summing up of the situation. She "wondered, etc., whether she could have been as generous to Mary in good fortune as in ill fortune. She thought not. She knew life. It was a tournament where people were divided into groups. One strove against the competitors in one's own group for admission into the next group, and there again the struggle began. In the meantime those people classed with oneself were the immediate rivals. They were associates, but they were enemies, too. That was why it was so much easier to bear the triumphs of strangers than the triumphs of friends. . . . One did not, by them, mark one's progression or retrogression. . . . That was, Emma realized, Mary's attitude toward Lebanon. That was why she hated the people here. She had lived and worked in London, she had seen and felt the great war, but her standard was the standard of Lebanon."

"And every one played the game—each in his own little section. The actor did not care if the business got a contract for a million pounds, but he cared if another actor had his name printed in bigger letters."

—D. C.

BIOGRAPHIES STILL POPULAR

The popularity of biographies continues strong. Never were so many writers busy digging into the lives and thoughts of the famous, past and present. Every publishing house is announcing a new "human document" and one of the most recent, which seems to promise interesting reading, is the story of Walt Whitman, told by Cameron Rogers in "The Magnificent Idler," published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

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LOUISE WALCOTT'S 'MUTANT' WILL BE GRATIFYING SURPRISE TO CARMEL

By W. K. B.

Louise Walcott has made the major part of her contribution, it is now up to George Ball and herself to match it with some clever dramatic producing and—"The Mutant," at the Arts and Crafts theater on the four nights to be known as May 21 and 22, and May 28 and 29, will carry playwriting and the art of the theater in Carmel past another milestone.

This is, of course, a "perhaps," but it goes over onto the anticipatory side of the ledger. In other words, it's a "good account," and I deem it "collectible." In the manuscript of "The Mutant," which George Ball delivered over to me for reading on a certain midnight recently, there is some little that can be eliminated with "impunity and relish," as we have it in a mutilated limerick, and much that must be added when the stage of the stage is reached, but in my opinion the play is a good play, with exceeding possibilities and containing dramatic periods that prove Mrs. Walcott and her co-playwright, Gilbert Hamilton, possessed of the virile germ of dramatic genius.

NEWS NOTES

Phil Bernays and Dr. Herbert Adair of Los Angeles were the week-end guests of R. Clarkson Colman. Bernays is the owner of a large art establishment and Dr. Adair is a leading dentist. This was Dr. Adair's first visit to the Peninsula and he plans to return very soon to make an investment in order to have a place where he can spend his vacations. Bernays was last here about seven years ago and noted so many changes that he would scarcely have known the place for the same town. He remarked that as long as Carmel had its ocean and its trees it could not be entirely spoiled by commercial prosperity. One object of Bernays' visit was to secure some of Colman's marines for the Southern California trade.

Mrs. Nora Derby is building a stucco house on Scenic Drive, which is nearly ready for occupancy. One of its features is the guest apartment with two rooms, on the grounds separate from the house. Mrs. Derby has spent a good deal of time in Carmel and those who saw her performance in the leading role of "The Bill of Divorcement" at the theater of the Golden Bough, will not soon forget her acting. Howard Derby is a prominent San Francisco attorney.

The most recent additions to the Carmel Art Colony are Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Easton, musicians, recently of New York, who have purchased a lot in Hatton Fields and will soon begin construction of a studio home.

The Eastons plan to form a trio here consisting of piano, violin and cello. They have had long experience in trio playing, and have given many concerts in the East where they appeared as the Beranja Trio. Mrs. Easton, violinist, was a pupil of the violin virtuoso, Ovide Musin, and Mr. Easton, cellist, studied in New York and Berlin. They looked California over from San Francisco to San Diego but were attracted to Carmel because of its truly artistic environment and the scenic charm of the surrounding country.

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"The Mutant" is a tragedy, with all the tragic moments of intense living and, yes, intense dying, dramatized for you with sincerity and truth. As with all tragedies, the tendency to slip over into the melodramatic is in it, and, as also with all tragedies, the saving grace in that regard must come with the work to be done in the empty playhouse on Monte Verde street between now and May 21. George Ball established a reputation last season, and is maintaining it so far in this, as a dramatic director of ability and sympathetic understanding, and with one of the co-writers of the play at his right hand there is every reason to believe that his production of "The Mutant" will exceed the admirable work he did in "The Bill of Divorcement" and "The Bad Man."

"The Mutant" is psychological—I am safe in saying, I believe, that it is metaphysical—and it is going to require some darned good acting to put it over as the playwrights could wish it put over, which, of course, is the super-desire. And that, by the way, happens to be the theme of the play. Mrs. Walcott and Hamilton have given you the super-man at his best—in service for mankind, whether the ghost of Nietzsche likes it or not—and they dramatically show you what happens to him when he arrives at the zenith's height. The vengeance of the categorical Lord hits the bull's eye, and though you may object to a human bull's eye, you will leave the Arts and Crafts theater with satisfaction—that is, if George Ball is able to put it over.

Mrs. Walcott lives among us, and you know who she is. Hamilton, I am told, is internationally recognized as a biological psychologist.

Flapper: "So you're a member of the Clean Books League?"

Dignified Gent: "I certainly am."

Flapper: "Well, what's the latest dirt?"

—Life.

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The Forge in The Oaks

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A weekly journal of news of the activities and ideas of people, their aspirations and endeavors, together with comment and opinion thereon.

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The telephone number is Carmel Thirteen.

SUN AND TIDE AT CARMEL

The Sun—

	Rises	Sets
May 16	4:58	7:14
May 21	4:54	7:19
May 26	4:51	7:23
May 31	4:46	7:27

The Tide

	High	Low
May 12	11:42a	5:15a
	10:34p	4:52p
May 13	12:34p	6:05a
	11:10p	5:48p
May 14	1:30p	6:44a
	11:46p	6:23p
May 15		7:30a
	3:28p	7:45p
May 16	12:22a	8:15a
	3:25p	8:16p
May 17	1:05a	9:03a
	4:18p	9:26p
May 18	1:56a	9:54a
	5:05p	10:44p
May 19	3:13a	10:43a
	5:47p	11:53p

MATISSE

(Continued from Page Three)

But let them be creative. It is better so, for who is there that knows enough to be an art critic in all the world? Who is there, answer me that?"

In a few days Pierre Matisse will return to France. California is his last stop in America. Perhaps here in Carmel, where he enjoyed himself, picnicing, horse-back riding, leading the simple life he loves, he has been able to see the pattern of America as it actually is. For like all experiences in life, even America cannot be understood until she is in the outline of the past.

THE ABALONES

(Continued from Page Two)

er were put out in right field, and, standing as they did at about three feet nothing in all of their seven or eight years, a plea went up that some one get busy with a lawn mower and give the new recruits a chance. Then there was Clint Machado, all of forty inches tall, brave in new suspenders and buttocks as big as silver dollars. Clint came to bat, hit the ball, started for first; also, began to whoop, for the whooping cough was upon him. He whooped his way to the bag and sat down; and then, sensing that the

first baseman, for some unaccountable reason, was not attending strictly to his game, Clint uprose in suspenders and buttons and whooped for second. The second baseman seemed to have become smitten with laughing paralysis. Clint tugged cap over eyes and whooped for third, jolted the whoops out of himself at the bag, uprose, and whooped for home, and the whoops carried him over the plate as no ball player has been carried before or since.

And then, in the joyous month of June, Charlie Van Riper organized the first league, with himself and Thorne Taylor and Bob Pinkerton and Winsor Josselyn as captains, and the league lasted just four games. Bob Ritchie was the official umpire; Bob, recovering from two broken ribs and, therefore, safe from the attack that might have been visited upon more robust official. It wasn't Bob, however, who broke up the league.

It was Charlie's Tigers being too good for all the other teams, and you can figure just how good the Tigers and the others were when it is stated that the winners' outfield consisted of Tal Josselyn, Kit Cooke and Helen Wilson.

THEY CALL ON BY FORD

Independent play followed. Harrison Godwin came back from his ranch in Canada, followed by Fred. Don Hale came up from the oil fields. A fellow known as By Ford was asked over from Pebble Beach—horrible thing to do!—and played his first game with the children on the second team. A man known as Eddie Burns, whom rumor had it had once caught for Alexander, was asked to join up after having watched the game for a solid year from his machine. Newcomers can take this to heart.

Once more the league idea blossomed, and came to full fruition when some genius, by unscrewing the urn-like top of the Peninsular Herald's stove, discovered that here was a trophy worthy of being battled for, and battled for it was. Harrison Godwin's Reds grabbed it from Brother Fred, the initial appearance of the Abalone Band having not a little to do with the blowing up of Fred's team. It is hard to play good baseball with a drum and trombone going blattety-blatt in one's ears.

And then there was the engraver, who engraved Harrison's name on the cup, and who bitterly commented on having blunted all of his engraving tools on the trophy, for, as he stated, "I thought the thing was silver, and it's only iron, and look what's happened to the edges on the things!"

TWAS MOVING DIAMOND

Four times has the Abalone diamond been moved. The flat field went when a ball was knocked into the fireplace of a new house; and the oceanside one—the one that had the hip-deep squirrel holes and the head-high lupine bushes—went when the Stoney windows had stood more than their share of carom shots. A long trek was made to The Woods, where the first field was laid off with first base down hill, and after forty runs had been scored in one league game, it was decided that running uphill might cut down the tasks of the scorekeepers. It has, but it hasn't cut down the howling joy of the league, now in its sixth year and as full of fight and protest and that rarest of all things, good fellowship, as the day when Thorne Taylor first brought out bat and ball.

PENINSULA TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE

Dealers in Office Equipment

423 Alvarado Street, Monterey

Telephone 1090

Blue Bird Tea Room

LUNCHEON

Tea Service

DINNER

TELEPHONE 161



THE HOBBY HOUSE

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Shawls

Pottery

Brass and Copper

Dolores opposite
Postoffice

BONNIE LEE



Antiques
Arts and Crafts
Lampshades

Seven Arts
Building



THE first and
only book on
all phases of
CARMEL

giving an account of
its history, arts, liter-
ature and science; its
original personality,
and its beauty!

Written by Daisy
Bostick and Dorothea
Castelhun. Illustra-
ted with photo-
graphs and sketches
by Carmel artists.

\$2.00

A PLEASING SOUVENIR
FOR THE VISITOR

VALUABLE INFORMATION
FOR THE NATIVE

Right away we defy the gods. THE CYMBAL's telephone number is Carmel Thirteen.

A Word to Advertisers

If we had one of heart's desires, and could afford to pay the price for it, we would publish THE CYMBAL without any advertising. But, without wasting time on a symposium on the matter, we are forced to declare that from a very material and commercial standpoint the thing is impossible. Therefore, facing the fact that it is necessary, we are determined that it shall be as near desirable as it is within our power to make it. We intend to guard the columns which must be devoted to advertising as vigilantly as we guard those in which the news appears, the articles and the editorials. Just as junk (by our interpretation of the word, by the way) shall not go into the latter so shall it be barred from the former. You can't publish ghastly-looking advertisement in the big, self-respecting magazines of the country, no matter how much you may offer to pay for it. THE CYMBAL may be short on bigness, but it will try to be awfully long on self-respect. In other words we are rather going to "high-hat" you on advertising and what you may offer us as such, but we will make every effort to soften the apparent offishness and effrontery in the following manner to-wit:

It so happens, by an unsuspected wave of the wand of one of our favorite green and gold gods, that we have in the organization of THE CYMBAL a trained advertising writer, one who served for five years on the copy-writing staff of N. W. Ayer & Son, the largest advertising concern in the United States, which probably means the world. The services of this advertising expert are at your disposal in planning single ads or mapping out a series of messages to the public. Our advertising service department will be a big feature of the commercial side of THE CYMBAL. It will pay you to take advantage of it. The service will be free to our advertisers and for copy placed in our columns or elsewhere.

And also—

The composing department of THE CYMBAL will work as one with the ad planning and ad writing department. Every advertisement that appears in THE CYMBAL will be hand set. This means that when necessary it will be letter-spaced, bringing out the strength of every word, no matter how minute the type used. Borders will be chosen for their comparative value and adaptability to the nature of the advertising text. In a word, every attention will be paid to making every advertisement physically as well as verbally attractive and in keeping with the principle and spirit of THE CYMBAL.

And further—

It shall never be justifiably said of THE

CYMBAL that it is "all ads." We will refuse advertising space if the amount of advertising in the issue is equal to forty per cent of the entire paper. This weekly is primarily and fundamentally a journal of news, articles and comment, not an avowed advertising medium. When advertising demands justify it (D. V.) we will increase the size of the paper, but never, No Never! reduce the text.

On this, then, we stand or fall. We will not compromise with our convictions. Anyway, falling isn't so bad. It's much more important which way you were going when you flopped.

Maybe the hot editorials of bitterness and anger in the Peninsula Herald and the Pine Cone killed Vanderbilt's tabloid in San Francisco.

The Cymbal Clangs

(Continued from Page Four)

an action of the city board of trustees. We can see no reason why we should accept blindly the press notices of a retrograde newspaper reporter who is being paid an elaborate salary to make a motion picture pay seven hundred per cent on the cost of its production. If a picture to be shown here next week is bad, we intend to say it is bad and stick to it. If it is good, and we know it, the adjectives of approbation will be limited only by the merit of the film. We believe that in this manner we will serve the theater owners most satisfactorily in the end. The theatergoers will learn that they can depend on our statements and not, as is now generally the case, look with indifference or incredulity on absurdly exaggerated paragraphs of senseless praise.

In a word, THE CYMBAL will endeavor to make itself one with the Carmel environment of art and literature. We have no billboards on our highway, the Rotarians and the Kiwanis haven't got us yet, there are no flaming overhead signs at our gates inviting the world to come and make its headquarters here, watch us grow, boost our climate, and otherwise make a cheap Main street of Ocean avenue. We do not want to shout about ourselves; we haven't that temperament. But we would like to have what is said about us approach somehow in how it is said the spirit of its subject. THE CYMBAL aspires to be the dignified "trumpet of a prophecy" as far as this contented spot of the earth is concerned.

And, though this may disappoint some, THE CYMBAL does not intend to print the "dirt." There is some of it here, of course, just as there is in any community where one or two of the gods' frail children are gathered together, but there are so many ardent and aspiring mouthpieces for it that it would be a verbosity to add another. We are perfectly willing to let the "Examiner" and "Chronicle," the "Bulletin" and

"Call" of San Francisco, and perhaps a bit more reticently, the "Peninsula Herald", handle the "dirt." They are daily papers and it is their province—at least, they make it their prerogative—and far be it from us to snatch the bread from their mouths. Neither do we intend to assume the naivete or printing what is plainly "dirt" as though it were drifted snow. We intend to ignore such affairs completely. Our promise not to tell the truth about people doesn't mean that we'll lie for 'em.

THE CYMBAL will try to be distinctive of Carmel. It will try to be the sort of paper you will be proud to send to friends who want to know about the part of the world in which you have chosen to live. In its determination to be honest it will reflect, we believe, the spirit in which you came to make your home here. You live in the pines because you love the pines, you live by the sea because you love the sea, there is a stretch of meadow at your door because you find the morning joy in a meadow. You don't, you know, live here or there because here or there is near the street carline that will take you closest to your office in the 'steenth floor of a class-A building. You haven't chosen your home for its proximity to a delicatessen or the zoo. The grey paint you chose isn't selected to "save the surface and thus save all," but because it blends in with the forest. You're being honest and straightforward in your quest for the fullness of life. The newspaper you take into your home tends to reflect your temperament and your ideals. Beyond and back of its ink and paper THE CYMBAL aspires to be taken in as a part of your Carmel concept.

If editorially, in this issue, we have devoted all our attention to ourselves, we plead the frailty of human kind. We will never lose interest in ourselves, but in future issue of THE CYMBAL we will manifest our cognizance of other important matters and measure them with the same critical scrutiny we have used in self appraisal.

Cost Plus Five Per Cent

I aim to build as well
and as economically as
it can be done, and I
hit the mark so often
that I have hosts of
satisfied customers. May
I not include you?

PERCY PARKES
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER
PARKES BUILDING CARMEL
Telephone 71